Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan ſhall be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* leade him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What ſayſt thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weezel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In fayth ile know your buſines, *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his title, and hath ſent for you to line his enterprize, but if you goe.

Hot. So far afoor, I ſhall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come, you Parraquito, anſwer mee directly vnto this queſtion that I ſhall aske: in fayth ile breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler, loue; I loue thee not;
I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloody noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me my horſe.
What ſaiſt thou *Kate*, what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La. Doe you not loue me? doe you not indeede?
Well, doe not then? for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Doe you not loue me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeake in ieſt, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe-backe, I will ſweare,
I loue the infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not haue you henceforth queſtion me
Whither I goe: nor reaſon whereabout:
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you, gentle *Kate*:
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman, and for ſecrecie,
No Lady cloſer, for I will beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

La.

La. How ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*:
Whither I go, thither ſhall you goe too:
To day will I ſet forward; to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It muſt of force.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Prince. Ned, prethee come out of that fat r
mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where haſt beene, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, a
foure-ſcore Hogs-heads. I haue founded the ve
Humility. Sirra, I am ſworne brother to a leaſh
can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as *T*
Francis; they take it already vpon their ſaluatio
I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courte*
flatly, I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falſtaffe*; but a
Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord ſo they
when I am King of *England*, I ſhall comma
Lads in *Eaſtcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dyi
when you breathe in your watring, they cry he
play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficie
ter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tin
Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*,
much honor, that thou wert not with mee in t
ſweet *Ned*: to ſweeten which name of *Ned*,
penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my ha
skinker, one that neuer ſpake other Engliſh in hi
ſhillings and 6. pence, and *You are welcome*, wit
dition, *Anon, anon ſir, Skore a pint of Baſtard in t*
or ſo. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falſtaffe* c
doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome, while I qu
Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, and
calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may bee no h
ſtep aſide, and ile ſhew thee a preſent.

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir; looke down into the pom